

# Good 616 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**FIRE AND SNOW  
STORY FOR P.O.  
TEL. A. C. CAKE**

## Said Big Bill, "I'll Clean up Chicago in 90 days"

I CAN'T say it often enough—crime in America is an industry. And by an industry I mean what that means, plus commercial employment as opposed to manufacturing. There are small shots who commit personal crimes, but these small shots can be, and are, rounded up by the police. It is a different matter when you face up to the real industrious gangsters. For twenty years that I know of the rule of a number of cities in U.S.A. has been mainly dictated by gangs who never appear in the front line, but are the powers behind the scenes. It sounds like fiction. It is solid fact.

I REMEMBER the campaign in 1927 in which William E. Dever, the straightest Mayor Chicago ever had, ran for election against William Hale Thompson, otherwise Big Bill. Dever's slogan was "Vote for Dever and Decency!" The newspapers supported him—all of them.

But it was revealed that a gang sent to him by one of their emissaries hard cash to the tune of 100,000 dollars. (Divide by five to get pounds sterling.) The amount was offered in thousand-dollar bills, on condition that the gang ran his campaign for him. That would have put Dever in their power. He refused—and he was beaten.

Immediately after Big Bill got in the saddle a curious migration took place. Al Capone moved his entire outfit from elsewhere and opened up gambling machines in every drug store and cigar shop in Chicago. You could buy bootleg liquor anywhere.

Big Bill Thompson is dead now. He gave out that he would clean up crime in Chicago in ninety days.

In those ninety days there were quite a number of murders and more crime than ever. Later, Bill stopped parading and yahooping, and it was as difficult to find him as to find an honest gangster.

Just where he was nobody ever knew; he couldn't be

found, interviewed, or reached by phone or wire. Then came the murder of Jake Lingle, newspaperman of the "Chicago Tribune," by gangsters; he was shot through the head one afternoon as he walked into a subway station.

I was at Police Headquarters when a bunch of newspapermen interviewed Deputy Commissioner John A. Alcock. "This afternoon, boys," said the Deputy, "I found Mayor Thompson—"

"By God!" interrupted a reporter, "you must be a detective!"

We all shook the Deputy's hand, to his slight bewilderment. I was called just then to the telephone, and heard the voice of the editor of the paper for which I was working.

"Jack Zuta," he said, "has got away in a street gun-duel. Send us the story pronto."

That made the sweat break on me. Jack Zuta was known to every crime reporter. He was the crafty "brains" of the gang that had sworn enmity against the Capone gang.

The Capone gang, in moving in, had bust up the "territory" of the Moran-Aiella mob, which up to that time had been holding the entire North Side of Chicago. They supplied booze galore, "protected"

traders for a fee, and had a vast number of alcohol cooking plants—and gunmen.

The Capone gang had fisted them out—shooting where shots were required, for the sake of the money in the game. They ran brothels, gambling saloons, offices. And Capone had a great bodyguard of quick gunmen.

There's one thing I will say about the Capone booze. It was always delivered on time, 90 dollars a case of whisky and beer at 55 a barrel. The speak-easies were doing fine and Prohibition was laughed at. The Capone "territory" was, before the "invasion" of the Moran-Aiella pitch, the Loop district, containing the City Hall, police G.H.Q., and other important buildings.

But Jack Zuta had been tipped off to the police, and they got him with a girl—as usual—and ran him down to headquarters for questioning.

That was where I knew he was until I had that telephone call.

I picked up the story at headquarters. Zuta had gone all shivers when brought in. He was willing to talk, to tell things, but he insisted that the police had got to take care of him. "I tell you," he said to Lieut. Barker, "I'll be plugged the moment I leave this building, or maybe in it."

Lieut. Barker was going to release him on bail, but the insistent pleading of Zuta impressed him.

Zuta was placed in a cell which was not overlooked by any building while Barker thought out how to get him to safe quarters. The only safe quarters were in the Moran territory.

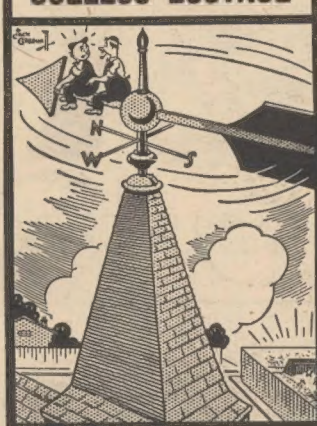
It was decided that Zuta would be taken in Barker's own car to the district and

there freed on bail—until wanted. It seemed a safe bet that Zuta's enemies (the Capone lot) would be watching Barker, having got the bail, pushed Zuta into the back of his own car and started. As the car turned into State Street a big Chrysler from the other side of the road drove squarely at it, hit it, and rocked it.

Lieut. Barker drew his gun and began firing at the Chrysler. The Chrysler replied—with machine-gun. Then the Chrysler drew off, swung round and away. Barker and other cops commandeered other cars and went after it; but they hadn't a chance. The Chrysler was beating every traffic light and making the traffic fly.

Back to the lieutenant's car they came, to find several people killed by the shooting

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Just our ruddy luck! A penalty for the Rovers and the darned wind changes!"

that one day he will put a car together that will work.

The Club is doing well, but they were mostly strangers to John when he paid a visit, but he enjoyed it just the same. Mr. Cooper was there as busy as ever.

Young David is looking forward to his eighth birthday and last week was snowballing and tobogganing in the old sandpit.

Mum and Dad are both fine and are kept pretty busy. Auntie Elsie came to see Johnny when he was on leave and Granny wrote last week and said she would be glad when you were all back home.

Your Mum met Arthur Baker in Canterbury last Saturday and he is now on instructional duties, having finished ops.

Mum and Dad close by sending all their love and say "God bless you."

(Now look at the back page, E.R.A. Douglas Toze and see what "Fuse" found in Canterbury.

## STUART MARTIN WRITES OF "CRIME IN AMERICA"



LITTLE Jimmie Cake, aged six, goes off to school with a smile, and our photographer happened to arrive on the scene just when his mother and Baby Raymond, aged eleven months, were seeing him off.

So here we are able to present the family to P.O. Telegraphist Albert Charles Cake as we caught them at 7 Wheatstone Road, Southsea.

Incidentally, as the picture shows, they were all quite well, although temporarily they were staying next door—the result of a fire which broke out in the sitting-room while they were having tea in the kitchen a few days before our reporter called.

"The place was full of smoke," Mrs. Cake told us, "before we knew what was happening." Luckily, she was able to get out safely with the youngsters, and then the N.F.S. took control.

They did quite a good spot of work, but Mrs. Cake, with her sister and the children, have been staying with 'their neighbours until the place is straight again—hence, P.O. Cake, the note in the door!

And there is nothing to worry about, we assure you. As you can see, the family are taking things very philosophically. Jimmie seems to like school, and his mother says he is doing very well.

Raymond is also growing into a fine boy. Mrs. Cake takes him regularly to the Naval Welfare Centre at Commercial Road, where they all think he is a lovely baby.

He is beginning to take notice of things, too. Every time he sees a picture of a sailor he coos "Ga-ga." It'll soon be "Dada" now.

Your wife has probably told you all about the fun and games we have had with the snow.

Southsea had one of its heaviest falls for some years, and the youngsters quite enjoyed themselves.

Some of the schools had to close owing to the difficulty of transporting fuel, and everyone had a gay old time chasing the plumbers to deal with burst pipes when the thaw set in!

Still, home's home—fire or snow! And from all at Southsea, and the rest of the family down Dorset way, here's wishing you, P.O. Cake, a speedy and safe return.

and Zuta gone. Not a trace beside him to see he did not of him.

And the job I had was to find slip from the chair; then one him and get his story!

It took some time. Zuta's machine-gun. He took a look bail was forfeited because he at Zuta and began action. A did not appear in court on the stream of bullets slipped along day appointed. But where was the piano keys and stopped at Zuta. He had twenty-eight bullets in him when picked up.

A report came to me that he was in Kentucky; but another came that he was in an hotel at Upper Nemahbin Lake, Wisconsin. The second was right. But I never got his story. I got a better.

He had registered at the hotel as Mr. A. J. Goodman, and on the night I expected to see him he was dancing in the pavilion. He was in great spirits.

And then, while the dancing was going on, three strangers came up to the doorman, lifted him bodily and carried him out to a big car parked near the entrance. He was shoved inside the car, and there a man sat beside him with a gun poked into his ribs, in case he made a sound.

This doorman, Joe Selby, told me later that there were eight gunmen altogether beside the big car.

Five went back to the dance pavilion. Zuta was near the door when a hand was laid on his shoulder and he was backed through the dancers towards the piano. He never uttered a word, but his face went ghastly.

He was placed on a chair and the dancers were told to stand clear. They huddled in a corner, fainting women and scared men. Two gangsters stood ready with guns to check any rush; but there was no rush.

Meanwhile, Zuta stared at the other three. Two stood

**We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1**

## A Canterbury Tale for E.R.A. DOUGLAS TOZE



THIS is a family story by "Fuse" Wilson, G.M. photoman, just as he wrote it.

I made a visit to Canterbury to get a story and a picture from home for you Doug. I wandered around on the outskirts of the city for some while and must have run into a few dumb-clucks because they all seemed to misdirect me.

In desperation I stopped a lady on a bike and asked her where The Bungalow, Broadoak Road was and she asked me who I wanted. When I said "Mrs. Toze," she replied, "That's me. I've just been doing some shopping in Canterbury."

Your mother said she would ride on to the works and let Dad know we were coming. By the time I arrived he came out smiling to meet me and invited me inside and this is the news.

John has just returned from three weeks leave and is now up in Yorkshire and says he is glad to be back in England again.

Ken is doing fine at Fords and Dad says there is a danger



# Two Bold Desperadoes Beg for Mercy

I WENT up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village, armed with scythes and pitchforks, beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents.

There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to

smash him with a rock half as big as a coconut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a

home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realised yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day.

"To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear, and says, "Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that

boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says

I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did

he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye—in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones."

"I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill

(Continued on Page 3)



"H'M! — THINK HE'LL MAKE IT ?!!"

## QUIZ for today

1. An aumbry is a large plane, arch over a gate, cupboard for church vessels, summer house?
2. What is the difference between (a) toxin, and (b) tocsin?
3. How many locks are there in the Suez Canal?
4. Which is the larger, the Indian or the African elephant?

5. Who was the first President of the French Republic?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Trent, Test, Tame, Tees, Tone, Tawe, Tyne.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 615

1. Vapour.
2. (a) Small eye, (b) division of the Turkish Empire.
3. Eucalyptus.
4. 520.
5. John Cabot.
6. Balliol is at Oxford; others Cambridge.

## I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THAT ex-Service men and women of this present war intend to make their voices heard in the future of the country is evident from the 24th annual report of the National Executive Council of the British Legion.

The most interesting and important feature of the increased membership, says the report, is that men and women now leaving the Forces are joining the Legion and are taking an active part in the management and work of the organisation.

The report emphasises that the whole field of resettlement and rehabilitation is the responsibility of the Government, and the Legion can only hope to augment what is done by State machinery. Nevertheless the number of cases dealt with by the Legion in the year ending 30th September, 1944, was almost double the number of those dealt with in the previous year.

On the matter of pensions, the Legion says that while conditions and rates have been further improved during the year, they will continue to urge the setting up of a Select Committee to overhaul thoroughly the whole field of war pensions for disabled persons, widows and dependants.



THE housing of those leaving the Forces is viewed with grave concern. "It is," states the report, "the most difficult problem with which discharged personnel will be faced. The Legion will continue to press for a priority in regard to housing for ex-Service men and women."

They are also pressing for adequate schemes for the training of fit men and women on their demobilisation in order that a proper opportunity might be given them for a permanent career.

During the year, 7,144 ex-Service men and women were placed in suitable employment by the Legion. These figures include 46 ex-officers, 3,387 ex-Service men and 170 ex-Service women discharged from service in the present war.

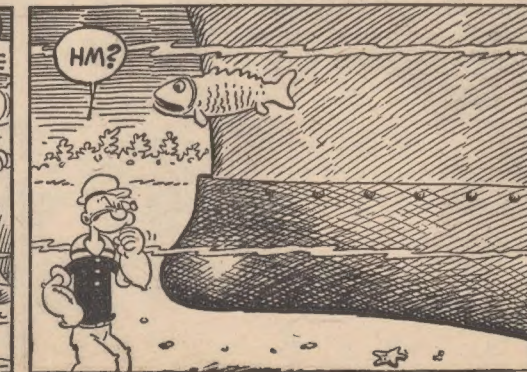
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—555

1. Behead steady and get a list.
2. In the following motto both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Ew laif ew dants vieddid intude.
3. What kind of fuel has RA for the exact middle of its name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: As the sun set in the \_\_\_\_\_ was served round the camp.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 554

1. C-rook.
2. Take the ball at the hop.
3. Wireworm.
4. East, seat.

## JANE



# RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

(Continued from Page 2) begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can change the difference up to me."

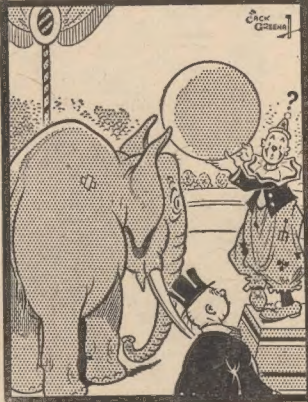
So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:—

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box

as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Ow the heck d'you expect 'im to jump through that? Lower it, you dope!"

writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN. I addressed this letter to Dorset and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How

can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the whole scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on all his fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

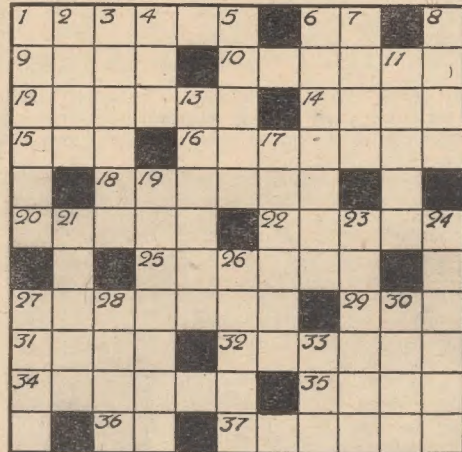
"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

## READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

Blonde: "Why do you call George 'Sparrow Eyes'?"  
Brunette: "Because his eyes just flit from limb to limb."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Talkative.
- 6 Within.
- 9 Volcanic matter.
- 10 Alloy.
- 12 Made amends.
- 14 Equal.
- 15 Gull.
- 16 Luminous patches.
- 18 Charm.
- 21 Of sun.
- 22 Transferred.
- 25 Sleep.
- 27 High acting rank.
- 29 Collection.
- 31 Fairy.
- 32 Nostrum.
- 34 Certify.
- 35 A long time.
- 36 Steamship.
- 37 Poem.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Gripping devices.
- 2 Dislike a lot.
- 3 Admission.
- 4 Bronze.
- 5 Sing tremolo.
- 6 Attributes.
- 7 Boy or girl.
- 8 Certain.
- 11 Quit.
- 13 Accustomed.
- 17 Suit.
- 19 Weds.
- 21 Part of sonnet.
- 23 Purpose.
- 24 Loathe.
- 26 Turns left.
- 27 Box.
- 28 Branches of learning.
- 30 Fencing sword.
- 33 Tin.

WAS BOO ELK  
EXAMINATION  
LIVID RADII  
TOOL S KENT  
MULETEERS  
DR LAW S M  
IF AFTER SI  
SLOG E OWEN  
TABOO GUARD  
IMAGINATIVE  
LEN LOB FED

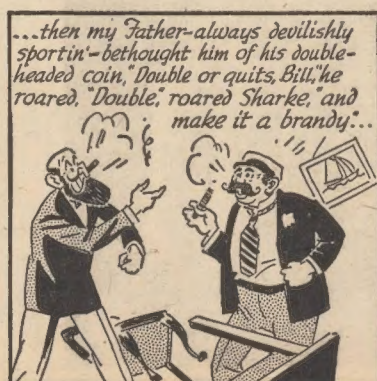
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Tales of Taverns

### Dirty Dick's

WHEN you drop in for a pint or two at a London pub you don't know, and conversation quickens as the cockles warm, do you ever think of inquiring if the house has a special yarn of its own awaiting the telling? Precious few inns have not some story to recount, which, if noised abroad, would not in normal times bring visitors flocking from far and near.

Many a time tourists have travelled 3,000 miles, primarily to give certain old English taverns the "once-over." Americans in particular fall for them, for Yanks are themselves building up traditions round their own slowly mellowing road-houses. They began doing so a good long time ago, though their ways are not ours.

One oddity about old American tavern customs, for instance, was to require guests to enter in the register, not only their names and addresses, but also their business, their choice for President, reason for leaving their wives at home, and poems, puns and snappy stories.

After their departure, mine host would add his opinions of his visitors with such comments as "constantly drunk," "fat but pretty," and "forgot to settle."

Despite the obvious advantages to be had from advertisement, few English tavern-keepers glamorise their houses to attract tourists from overseas.

Perhaps this shows wisdom rather than the lack of it, for I'll warrant as many Americans have made special pilgrimages to "Dirty Dick's" of Aldgate as to the Houses of Parliament or the Tower of London.

The original Dirty Dick lost his bride on their wedding eve, and so great was his grief that he vowed never again to wash. The pledge went for his tavern, too, and to-day the bars are still covered in cobwebs. From walls and ceilings hang the dried bodies of bats, rats, cats, in fact everything in the animal line that has since died on the premises.

If you've not already been "had" at D.D.'s, beware of the cat they tell you will bring you good luck. For, stroke it, and a concealed spring makes it quickly "come alive" and jump and spit at you like the worst of the living breed—a really jumpy business, in fact.

M. T.

## Alex Crack

Guest in village hotel: "Haven't these mattresses got any hair?"  
Manager: "If you were as old as these mattresses you wouldn't have much hair, either."



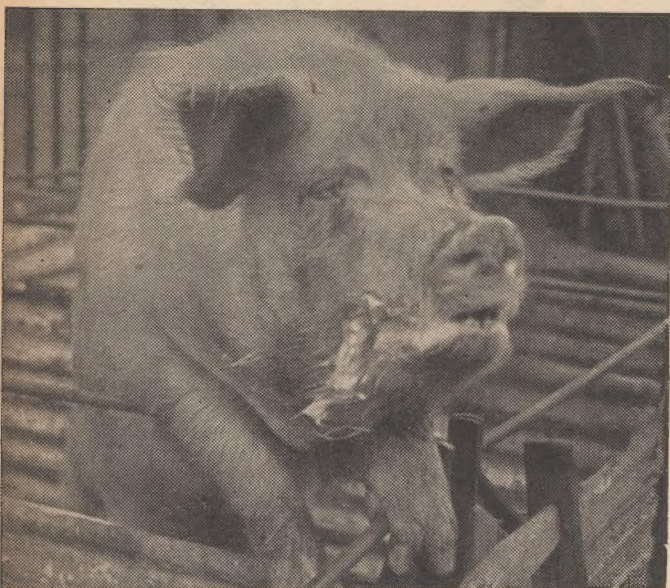
# Good Morning

And here's a "Good Morning" smile from pretty Dorothy Hyson, talented daughter of a lovely mother. Dorothy Dickson, who dances like a bit of thistledown, is Dorothy's Mum. Seems unbelievable to old codgers like us!



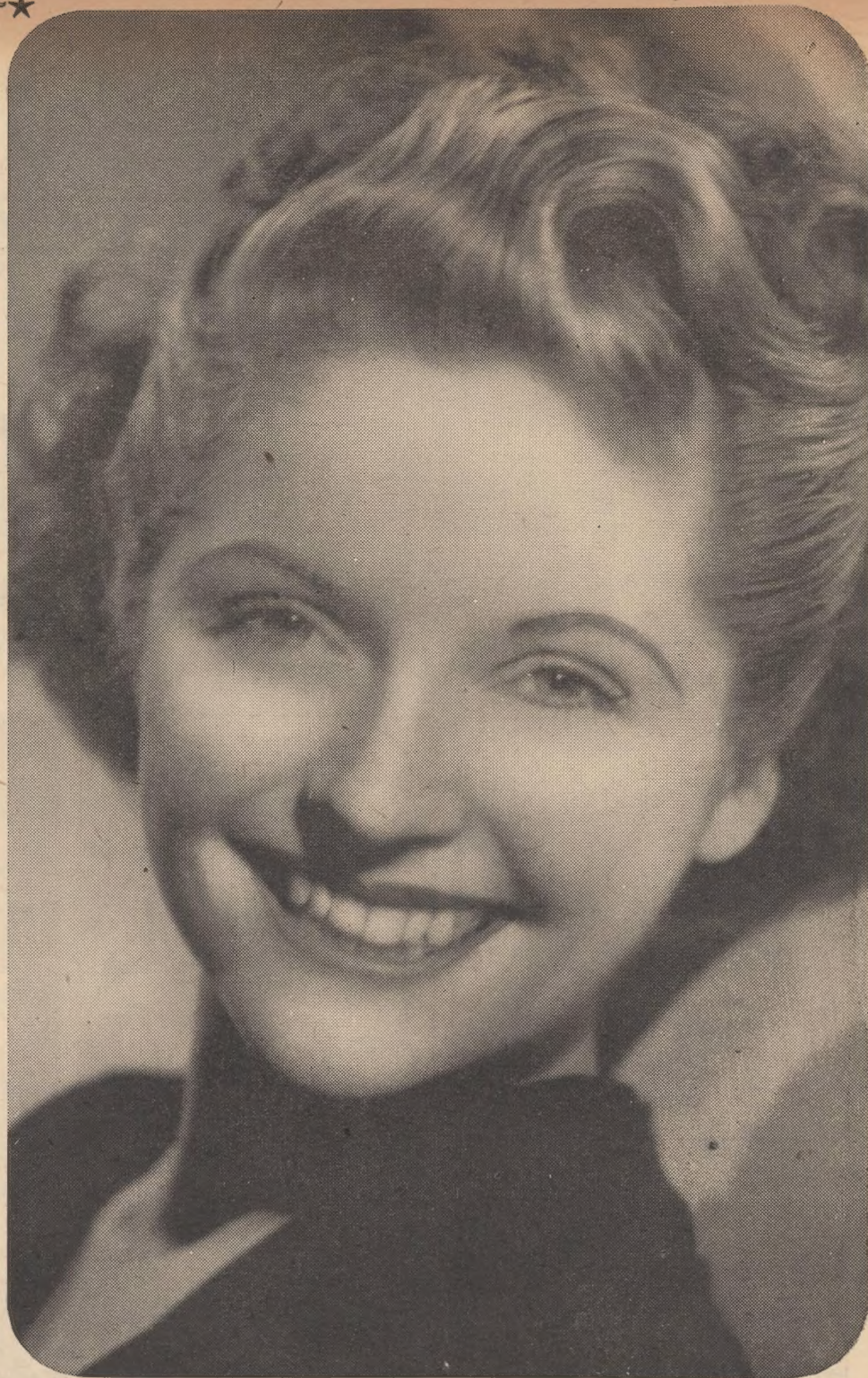
## CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO BILLIARD BALLS.

"Are you going to wear your hair in plaits or ringlets when you go to school? I mean, if you ever intend to go to school, and if you ever have any hair."



## "FUSE" WILSON LOOKS IN AT CANTERBURY.

"Fuse" is not the boy to let the grass grow under his feet! Recently he was sent on an assignment to Canterbury to take a picture of Mrs. Toze (see front page), and, the job completed, he finds himself with time on his hands, and the pubs not yet opened. So he hies himself to the cattle market and takes the family portrait you see on the left. Then he hears for the first time that Canterbury also possesses a Cathedral, so he snaps the shutter once more, when, feeling like a man whose duty's done, he hears the gladdening cry, "They're open!"



"Abundant hair, large, dark luminous eyes, rather flat nose, good shaped mouth, round chin and high protruding forehead are the pleasant characteristics of this Malay girl." So wrote our roving cameraman in his effort to throw a cloak of scientific research over his shameless seeking after pin-up girls!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lovely grandmother dances like thistledown."

